



## Chapter XII: Beyond Good...



...AND EVIL







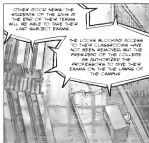












SWING THE ONLY RADIO PROGRAM  
WHERE THEY DON'T MAKE US GO  
TO BE DIABOLICAL LUNERS.



IN THE MEAN TIME  
NO BETTER... EVEN  
THE LEFTIST  
NEWSPAPERS.

STRENGTHENING  
THE ECONOMY

UNBELIEVABLE! THE TWO  
PROROLLING RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF OUR OLD  
TOWER.

WHAT SORT OF THINGS HAPPENING  
ALL OVER CAMPUS. ALL OF A  
SUDDEN COURSES ARE SIMPLY  
CANCELLED WHEN WE SHOULD BE  
IN THEM WE RAO FOR THESE  
CLASSES!

SWING ALL TERRIBLE,  
OF COURSE, BUT  
WHY EXACTLY IS IT I  
HAVE TO WIN THE  
FIGHT?

HOW WILL THAT  
CHANGE OUR STATE  
OR THE NATION  
WE'RE IN?



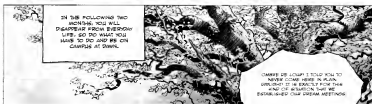
IT'S BETTER IF  
YOU DON'T ASK  
TOO MANY  
QUESTIONS

**TOM CA  
WILL**

THESE ARE IN  
OTHER  
CAPTION.













THIS IS AN HOURGLASS THAT  
HAS BEEN CALIBRATED TO  
SURFACE TIME.



ONE FILLED IT SO THAT  
IT WILL RUN OUT JUST  
BEFORE CHACRENS  
POSE.



BEFORE ONLY  
TWO MORE  
WILL PASS...

BUT WHERE  
YOU'RE HEADING,  
IT WILL BE TWO  
YEARS THAT DO BY

TWO  
YEARS...

THAT SHOULD BE  
SUFFICIENT TO  
FORGE A WORTHY  
WEAPON.



ÖMM  
ÖMM

OUR BIRTH DATES  
ARE GOING TO  
BE ALL WEAKED  
UP...

DO YOU THINK WE  
COULD CHANGE THEM?  
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO  
BE AN AREA. CANCER IS  
A TERRIBLE SICK.

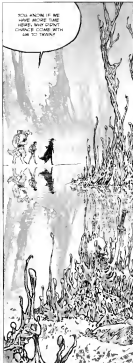
AM YOU  
TOOK

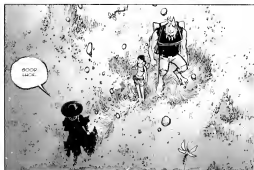
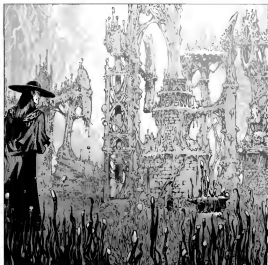
HOWE  
TAINT THIS  
MOTHER WELL...



HERE  
IT IS





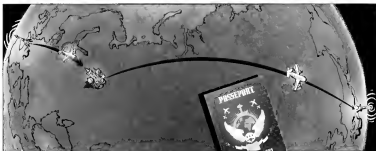












\* DAMEL SCHEN



\*\* HEISTER NAGANO ?





WHY WANTS  
YOU HERE,  
BOY?



I DIDN'T KNOW  
HOW TO PROTECT  
THE WOMAN I  
LOVE...



TEACH ME TO  
BECOME STRONGER!  
NABINO-SENSEI!

I BEG  
OF YOU!



DO YOU  
KNOW WHY  
YOU FAILED?



SO I RELIED  
TOO MUCH ON  
THE POWER OF  
MY DEARER.

VERY WELL, I  
COMBENT TO  
HELPING YOU  
BECAUSE YOU ARE  
READY TO HELP  
YOURSELF.



SO YOU ACCEPT  
ME AS AN  
APPRENTICE?!

COME HERE  
TOMORROW AT  
NOON IN THE  
MORNING, THE FISH  
DON'T WAIT.

WE'LL HAVE YOU  
INTO A REAL  
NINJA  
WARRIOR™!



EVENS

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN  
A RESEMBLANCE  
ACCOMPANIED BY A  
DETACHED BLACK  
MAY HAVE YOU?



YEAH THEY  
CAME TO MY  
HOUSE...

FOR LUNCH AT  
NOON, HAVEN'T  
SEEN 'EM  
SINCE THEN



IF YOU SEE  
THEM AGAIN  
PLEASE  
INFORM US



IT'S SAFE,  
THEY'RE GONE  
THE OTHERS ARE  
WAITING FOR YOU  
IN THE CELLAR

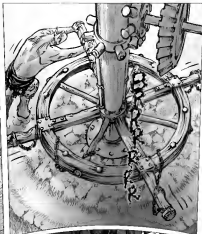
THANKS, IS



WE ARE THE BUNK  
WHO CAN NO  
LONGER LET US  
SEE OUR RIGHTS  
TRAMPLED ON

SO WE'RE  
GOING TO SHOW  
THEM HOW WE, THE  
STUDENTS OF THE  
UNION, START A  
REVOLUTION!











HAN.  
HAN.



O ANIMAL SPIRITS  
THANK YOU FOR  
GIVING ME YOUR  
LIFE.

YOUR MEAT WILL  
NOURISH ME AND  
YOUR LEATHER  
CLOTHES ME.



BY THE  
MOON, IT'S  
HOT IN HERE!



ALONE WAY?

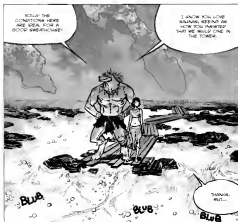


ON THE  
RED HILL,  
I FOUND A  
SPOT...

IS THERE  
SOMETHING  
WRONG?









# our hunt for the demon

## Chapter XVII: Voyage to the Forge of Hell

By Claudhemor McCloud

After the duel between the two hero universities, Ange and Wang Mu wanted to understand how the events of that day were able to come about. We thus looked into the period of time preceding the combat. Unfortunately, other priorities delayed our investigation.

A little over a year later, we retraced the path taken by Ombre, the wolfman, and Xiong Mao, Wang Mu's sister. Their journey took us into a subterranean cavern with no apparent lower limit. Below, a lost world awaited us, inhabited by phosphorescent mushrooms and strange creatures. Without a doubt, it made the greatest impression on Ange, who simply pronounced these words: "I never imagined that Hell would be blue", before lapsing back into the silence that had become a habitual means of self-protection. After hours of exploration, we discovered what appeared to be a smithy. We believe we had reached our goal, the blade could not have been forged anywhere but such a place. However, the encampment didn't seem to have been visited in more than a century. Lichens and other fungi had covered everything, leaving practically no trace of Ombre and Xiong Mao's passage. Finally, Wang Mu discovered a bag of discarded clothes that could have belonged to her sister. Pushing the investigation beyond the workspace, I set foot in an enormous pit full of skeletons of all shapes and sizes. Digging into the interior, I discovered a notebook filled with notes and drawings. Time and moisture had spared it. It seemed to have belonged to the wolf during their time in the Forge of Hell. The incredible events described within could never have taken place in the span of only two months. According to its chronology, they stayed there for almost two years, which explains the stunning physical changes observed in Ombre and Xiong Mao upon their return. We were able to deduce that time passes more rapidly below than on the surface.

I have reproduced in this work a part of Ombre's codex, which constitutes the best evidence of Ombre de Loup and Xiong Mao's passage through this strange and remote place.

### 3rd day

According to Xiong Mao's watch, almost seventy hours have passed since Furnaces left us here below. We finally finished clearing the mushrooms that were growing all over the smithy. They are not edible raw: I tried cooking them too, but all I got out of that was a foul-smelling gruel. On the other hand, they effectively protected the machinery during the years it was not kept up. Apart from a few bolts to tighten, we haven't had a lot of work to do in order to render the smithy operational. Xiong Mao, very excited, was able to start working.

Water isn't a problem: there is a spring that is diverted directly into a large reservoir located in the smithy. It is perfectly clear and doesn't seem toxic. In any case, it hasn't made me sick. However, we will soon be reaching the end of the rations we brought with us: I am going to look for food. The odd black creatures that I remarked at the beginning of our stay seem to be observing us with great interest. For the moment, we haven't been bothered by their vaporous presence.

### 4th day

I'm beginning to better understand how the ecosystem we're living in functions. I've discovered that the fauna includes large hoofed animals, who measure about 140 cm at the withers and live in herds of one to two dozen individuals. They were rather skittish and fled once they saw me. There must be other predators hiding out there. Between strides, these creatures make incredible leaps, considering their size and stature. As there is no one to tell me the name of these animals, I call them "blue gazelles". Incidentally, everything is blue here, in part because of phosphorescent globes that push at the ceiling and diffuse a bluish light.

### 5th day

I've been hiding for several hours in order to catch one of these subterranean gazelles. There are insects busy gathering pollen off these strange mushrooms that grow literally everywhere. For the moment, they are disgusting my sublimette. The gazelles move or less obey the same social rules as the ruminants at home: a dominant female leads the herd to the best pasture areas and the dominant male is charged with chasing younger suitors.

I'm taking one of these solitary males as my target. I've managed to catch one of these "blue gazelles", although a blow from a hoof almost sliced me open. Their cowardly temperament seems to be their greatest fault: they bolt at the slightest noise. I have an idea of the tactics I'll use next time. In the meantime, with just one of these creatures we have food to eat for three to six days. I discovered that their intestines include growths that are filled with a lighter-than-air gas. I brought one of these funny little gas pouches back, but Xiong Mao burst my trophy with a knife, saying: "Stop bringing disgusting things to camp, they stink and they attract insects!"



8th day

I was able to smoke part of the meat, but I don't have any salt. What's more, the giant mushrooms give off an atrocious smell as they burn. And Xiong Mao glared at me as soon as I started looking at the coal designated for feeding the forge. I've discovered a much colder area close to our encampment. The water that trickles from the ceiling there forms giant ice stalactites. During the time when this place was inhabited, this room must have served as the ladder. I'll stock our perishable goods there.

15th day

I've noticed that the gaseles only eat one certain type of mushroom. I picked a few for our consumption, and they turned out to be delicious as a salad. You have to be careful to remove the pasture-like thing that tops the mushroom, or risk having gas. The fibrous feet are inedible, but might serve as combustible material. I can finally cook our food!

In spite of the absence of sunlight, there are a few green plants that grow here, like these fragrant bushes with small, dry leaves that bring a peppery flavor to our otherwise bland dishes. But before I have Xiong Mao try them, I'd like to be sure the plant's safe.

21st day

The aromatic plant doesn't give me stomachaches.

28th day

The camp was attacked by a medium-sized wild animal, around 400 kg and with fangs about 20 cm long. It must have smelled my presence on its territory and followed me discreetly. It's humiliating to have been taken by surprise so easily. Its flesh was tough and had an unpleasant sweaty taste.



62nd day

We are trying to keep a rhythm of life similar to that which we had on the surface, but the absence of day and night is starting to weigh on us. Xiong Mao still has insomnia; I hear her turning the pages of a book during her turn to rest. The lack of sleep is making her irritable and emotional.

75th day

I've found a place that will be perfect to bury Rosebud. The burial was modest, but it was time to let him go. Perhaps I will be able to create new soldiers for our army again. According to Xiong Mao, the reason I couldn't make any others was that I hadn't yet mourned my favorite soldier. We still have a few reduced forces that we left in the tower to watch over Chance.

















PENCING AND  
DANCE ARE BUT  
TWO SIDES OF THE  
SAME BATTLE.

HE SUPPLE IN  
YOUR ACTIONS AND  
FOLLOW THE  
MOVEMENT OF  
YOUR ADVERSARY.

ARE YOU  
BEGINNING TO  
UNDERSTAND?



WAR IS LIKE A  
DANCE WITH  
DEATH.



NOW HERE'S  
SOME TRAINING  
THAT SAYS ME  
JUST FINE!



PERFECT IN THIS  
CASE, LET'S BEGIN.  
AH! THIS TIME, PAY  
MORE ATTENTION TO  
WHERE YOU SET  
YOUR FEET.



I KNOW!





IN THE NAME OF  
FRIENDSHIP  
IN THE NAME OF  
LIBERTY!



IT IS TOGETHER THAT  
WE WILL GIVE THEM  
THE THRASHING THEY  
DESERVE! BECAUSE  
WHAT WE ARE  
LEADING IS THE FIGHT  
AGAINST EVIL!





# our hunt for the demon

## Chapter XVII: Voyage to the Forge of Hell

By Cindhesnor McCloud

As I thought, Ombre's codex contains no information on the fabrication of the blade. The account lingers on the endless seasons of work at the forge and details the mechanism of the hammer, the air circulation system, the gears that accelerate the grindstone, etc. a marvel of engineering that Ombre has christened "The Clock". Unfortunately, a large part of this chapter has been destroyed, making the transcription of the text impossible. The rest that follows is intact and describes the flora and fauna of Hell.

297th day

I realize that the small black beasts we saw at the beginning of our stay have completely disappeared. I'm afraid that our presence drove them off. I hope that once we leave, they can come back and live in this area like they were able to when no one disturbed them.

300th day

I've hung around this subterranean forest long enough that I am finally able to present an overview that is more or less correct. I've taken the liberty of giving some odd names to the creatures I've met, otherwise they would all have "the name of an animal that exists on the surface" prefaced by "blue". Everything is blue here, except the fices of the forge.



The kringgear (figure 169) is a kind of tiger with long ears that weighs about 400 kg. It was one of these creatures that attacked the encampment. The males don't tolerate my encroachment on their hunting grounds.

Figure 172 is a Boardog, a cross between a bear and a bulldog. Very nasty. Be careful when they are in a herd!

Figure 237 is the infamous mouspiders. I think that these are bats who lost their wings, and yet still retained their way of life suspended on the ceiling, where predators leave them in total peace.



Figure 203 is a trollier. One would think that this is apparently some kind of pachyderm, but in reality it bears much more resemblance to the Boardog. The "troll" part comes from its stone-like appearance.



No bigger than my hand (fig. 351) is the bird-dragon, as poorly adapted to flight as to climbing, the activity on which it spends the majority of its time.

# Notes and Credits

*"Scan, translation, cleaning, and typesetting by the Spectator."*



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